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## Robber Princess



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### Chapter 1 by SaintSayaka

I coughed up some more blood. The iron taste was starting to taste just at home in my mouth. Still, until my hands were untied, I could do little else but continue my verbal onslaught.

"Boys don't wear dresses, no less robbers!" I yelled, kicking my legs in the hopes that it would loosen my confines. It didn't. He turned around, slightly annoyed that I was still conscious but clearly not willing to hurt me more than necessary.

"Well, princess, this one does." He said it so matter-of-factly that I felt my skin shiver.

### Chapter 2 by R



Darn, I was sure that one would have worked. Most men, they're very sensitive to that sort of thing. But as I was beginning to find out, this Robber wasn't like anyone I'd ever known.

She'd tried bribery, and seduction, and even now petty insults, but none of that seemed to do anything to the robber. He just smirked jovially, occasionally laughed, and sat twirling his knife at head of the wagon.

We had long since abandoned the roadways, instead the horses making their way through the woods, and I knew this meant the

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save me. These woods were deadly, and few entered b

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"So who's the robber stupid enough to kidnap the Allestrian Princess?" I finally asked, desperate for some answer.

"One who wears dresses." He said, not turning his eyes towards me.

This was useless.

"Can you at least tell me what you want from me?" I asked, and it sounded almost like a beg. I must be growing delirious, then.

"You haven't figured it out already? I thought they said you were smart, princess." The robber replied.

I ran over all of the possibilities in my head, trying to think of an answer, any answer.

"No." I breathed, trying even more furiously to pull my hands free. "You can't be serious."

"Of course I can." The robber said with gleaming eyes. The wagon rolled to a stop near a spring. "Welcome to the spring of change, princess."

He was going to use the fountain.

He was going to steal my face!

### Chapter 3 by Jess Ash



I thrashed wildly as his friends lifted me from the wagon, screaming as loudly as I could. I could hear the Robber laughing a little, and he ran a hand down my cheek.

"This will fetch a fine price, princess. I think many will clamor for the face of Lylla Mervell. Perhaps you can even talk your daddy into buying it back for you. Oh, well, I suppose you won't be able to talk at all."

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Then I was falling, and the water was rushing up to claim my face.

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